

We claim as large a Charter as the Wind, to blow on whom we please."

...tent; Fever and
...lor Albus, or Whites;
...Green Sickness; Gripes;
...dache; Hysterics; In-
...of Urine; Indigestion;
...of vital parts; Inflama-
...Stomach; Jaundice; Liver
...Low Spirits; Menstruation,
...suppressed, painful; Nervous
...Disorders; Neuralgia; Rheu-
...matism; Stomach (various diseases); Whites.
In all Bilious and chronic disorders, the
Pills achieve a wonderful triumph. Here
they defy competition. And as the suscep-
tibility of the American constitution is to these
diseases, they are aptly styled by some

The Pill of the New World.

Their wonderful efficacy in these complaints
arises from their power to open the Pores;
cleanse and strengthen the stomach and Bow-
els; make the Urine flow healthily and clear;
and to give tone and strength to the whole
system!

WHOLESALE WARE-HOUSE,

49 John street, New York.
In towns where there is no branch, the com-
pany will appoint one on application by letter
post paid, or otherwise.

Persons wishing the Pills by mail, can order
them.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

B. HANSBROUGH & CO.,

Vicksburg,

General Agents for this State.

March 3, 1847. 30 ly

WE owe an apology to the author of
the following communication, for deferring its
publication two weeks. Other matter which,
if not published at the moment, would lose all
interest to the reader, has crowded upon us, and
thus it is that "Tom Tater" makes his debut
in the twilight of the day. His strictures, how-
ever, have lost none of their piquancy or force
by being a little antiquated.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit me to ap-
pear in your columns. The purpose of
making a few remarks relative to an article
published in the Eastern Clarion of the
17th ult.

It seems to have been the object of the
author to direct the public mind from the
force of the Rev. P. H. Napier's argu-
ments relative to the anti-republican char-
acter of the M. E. Church. It is not my
intention to say aught against the M. E.
Church or its members; but I wish to
correct some mistakes which this anony-
mous author has endeavored to practice
upon the public mind.

The manner in which the Rev. Mr.
Napier has endeavored to prove the anti-
republican character of that church has
been calmly and respectfully, with his
name affixed to each of his articles; and
it were only reasonable to suppose that he
would have been responded to in like man-
ner. But this grave subject has been at-
tempted to be disposed of through a ludic-
rious article over an anonymous name. I
have no doubt that the members of that
Church generally will disapprove the
course; and I presume that the Rev. P.
H. Napier would hardly condescend to
reply to Mr. Scantator; but I, being
rather a dealer in small matters, proceed
to offer a few thoughts by way of reply; at
the same time doubting the fact of its re-
ceiving the approbation of Rev. P. H. Na-
pier, or the members of the Church of
which he is a minister. Marvellous sover-
eign as it may appear, Mr. Scantator has
been so deeply engaged in reading Latin
poetry, that he has never found time, dur-
ing his great and wonderful life, to read
the discipline of his own favorite church;
because no man that had ever read the
discipline of that Church would be at all
likely to venture the assertion that "the
ministers, presiding elders and bishops
are taken from among the members of the
Church, in the same manner that the of-
ficers of our government are from among
the people." Now if this assertion be cor-
rect, Mr. S. will certainly refer us to the
page in the Discipline where it says, the
ministers, presiding elders and bishops
shall be elected by the joint suffrages of
members of the church. But Mr. S. seems
to contradict the assertion himself, by say-
ing that "if the manner of election is dif-
ferent, both carry out the same principle."
This is, also, incorrect. To construct our
State government, so as to carry out the
principle of the government that Mr.
Scantator would have us to think is just
as Democratic as our State government,
our laws would have to be so constructed
as to allow all the officers of the State to
vote at the elections, and not allow the
people to vote at all. I think that if Mr.
S. does not refer us to the law of the
church, authorizing each and every mem-
ber to have a free and equal suffrage in
the election of all their officers, it will be
seen that he has betrayed his ignorance in
trying to enlighten an intelligent commu-
nity on a subject that he knew nothing
about himself.

There is not another intelligent mem-
ber of the church in Jasper county, in my
humble opinion, who would venture the
same assertion. Mr. S. says, that "it is
not the exercise of the power, but the
manner of acquiring the power that im-
parts the idea of monarchy or aristocracy."
Agreeable to his notion, a ruler might be
put in power upon the purest principles

of Democracy, and though he usurp all
the powers of government, and rule the
nation with a rod of iron the government
would still be a republic. Such assertions
are ridiculous. Mr. S. says, again, that
"in all governments not republican, the
exercise of power is hereditary; and with-
out this, the notion of a monarchy or aris-
tocracy is absurd." This is an awful mis-
take for an individual who undertakes to
enlighten the public mind. Mr. Scantator
should consult the dictionary, and first
take the mote out of his own eye. That
all governments are hereditary except re-
publics, is a mistake that any school-boy
can correct who has ever learned the ele-
ments of Geography; for all geographical
authors explain Absolute monarchies, Li-
mited monarchies, Hereditary Monarchies
and Aristocracies.

"The mighty astounding facts," &c.,
"conveyed to the eyes and ears of a won-
dering world" are simply this,—that the
ministers and bishops of the Methodist
Episcopal Church have more weight in its
councils than the same number of the laity.
How it is that any man in his sober
senses, and after having read the Rev. P. H.
Napier's articles, could have come to such
a conclusion as this, is indeed strange to
imagine, when, in fact, all that is necessary
to prove the government of the M. E.
Church anti-republican, is to show that
the laity have not an equal voice in elect-
ing their ministers and bishops.

Just give the laity an equal voice in
choosing those ministers and bishops, and
make them amenable to their constituents
and you have a republic, notwithstanding
one of those ministers or bishops may
have more weight in the councils of the
church than a thousand of the laity. This
is what Mr. Napier has been laboring to
prove that the laity in the M. E. Church
have not; and, consequently, it is anti-
republican. "The mighty and astounding
fact conveyed to the eyes and ears of a
wondering world" is simply this, that
"the shortsightedness and fallacy of the
arguments advanced by our friend Mr.
Napier," is not only unexposed, but unre-
plied to. I, and my friend, Mr. Scantator,
are both no theologians; so far from it,
that we are not even of the ministry, and,
I fear, not good members of the Church.
How we happened to be so much alike in
these particulars, I cannot tell. But there
is at least one thing to be feared—that the
manner in which Scantator has endeavor-
ed to ridicule the Rev. P. H. Napier's ar-
ticles, by making false issues, asserting
false definitions to the different kinds of
government, and raising other false issues,
though ignorantly, will be laughed to scorn
by all intelligent men.

YAM TATER.

A QUEER BEAST.

A New Orleans editor has had the oppor-
tunity to examine a zoological specimen
recently imported from Mexico, which,
according to his account, must be some-
thing of the oddest. He calls it the *guana*;
the name should probably be *iguana*. It
belongs to the lizard tribe, and ugly as it
is, a favorite article of food with the na-
tives of Mexico and Central America.
Here is the description:

The *guana* has its fore legs put on be-
hind, and its hind legs not only put on
before, but fastened on backward, and up-
side down. When its mouth is shut it is
as tight as an oyster, and as destitute of
lips; but let it smile, and its head opens
way back of its ears, if it has any ears.

Its body is shaped like a guano's, and
has a horn comb set on the top of it for or-
nament, and small scales all over it, for no
cause whatever that we could perceive.
Its eyes resembled those of a duck, as they
are supposed to look in a storm, but instead
of turning in their sockets, they work up
and down. It appears to be perfectly good
natured when it is angry; and it doesn't try
to bite until it wrinkles its face in a smile.
Its tail, however, is its great feature; that
is indefinite in its length, and variegated
in its color. After you examine the *guana*,
generally and particularly, the conclusion
is forced upon you that it was made out
of the odds and ends of lizards, butterflies,
snakes and confectionary, and is altogether
the most extraordinary insect, bug or ani-
mal, that ever lived.

HONEY MOON.—The origin of this
word is so little known yet so highly
interesting, that we are constrained to give
an account of it. It is traceable to a Teu-
tonic origin. Among the Teutons, was a
favorite drink called *Metheglin*.—It was
made of honey, and was much like the
present mead of some of the European
countries. The same beverage was in
use among the Saxons, as well as another
called *Marat*, which was also made of
honey but flavored with mulberries. These
honeyed drinks were used in great abun-
dances at festivals. Among the nobility
the marriage festival was celebrated a
whole lunar month, which was called a
moon, during which the festival board was
well supplied with the honey drink.
Hence this month of festival, was called
the *honey moon*, or *honey month*, which
means a month of festival. The famous
Alaric is said to have died on his wedding
night from the effects of too much indige-
nence in *Metheglin*.—[N. Y. Sun.

GOOD FOR BUFFALO.

BY JOHN BROWN.

In one of the companies of the 1st regiment
of U. S. Dragoons, there once happened to be
thrown a recruit whose fond parents, bearing
the name of Jackson, had given him the Chris-
tian name of Andrew—a name, in this case,
extremely *mal-à-propos*. This fellow was
drilled with others, and drilled alone, but the
task of instruction seemed nearly a hopeless
one. Dismounted, if ordered to start with the
left foot, he invariably put forth the right, and
it was more than hinted that he could not tell
the one from the other.

"And, curse him!" said the sergeant, one day
out of patience, "he don't know his legs, and
has not sense enough to mark them!"

In the mounted drill he was the same. At
a command "to the right," he was just as like-
ly to turn to the wrong as to the right side. As
to mounting a horse according to the manual,
he saw no use whatever in that; and provided
he could climb up by the caudal of the saddle,
was perfectly satisfied.

In truth, Jackson was very stupid. He could
hardly be taught to keep his arms and accom-
paniments in order, and could never execute the
first movement of the sabre exercise without
the most ludicrous blunders, and if mounted,
danger of cutting off his horse's head or ears.

Altogether, after he had been two years in
service, he was put down by every body as ab-
solutely "good for nothing"—a worthless ap-
pendage to the corps, for he had even been tried
on various kinds of extra duty, and failed in all.

The captain had marked Jackson—he regard-
ed him as an anomaly—not exactly an idiot,
yet seeming so very near one that the dividing
line was hardly perceptible. He can never be
fit for anything, thought the captain, and he
mediated the discharge of the impracticable
dolt, as a "nuisance to the service."

A strict drill officer, the captain required
every man to do his duty. When Jackson
was on drill, the captain's order to march gen-
erally ran as follows:

"Column, forward!"—Corporal West, give
that man a kick to start him—march!"

Corporal West, accustomed to this duty,
usually by a kick properly dealt, had given
Jackson an impetus forward, by the time the
command "march!" fell from the captain.

Jackson had, as time flew, been three years
in the company, when a march to the prairies
was ordered. In the range of that animal near
the Arkansas, it became an object with the
command to procure a supply of buffalo meat,
and every day details of men were made for
that purpose.

The captain himself, on one occasion, thirst-
ing for sport, went out with the hunters. They
had been out some three or four hours, when
Jackson, his horse nearly at full speed, and his
carbine unslung, was dashing past the captain
towards a herd of buffalo at some distance across
the plain.

"Stop, sir, stop!" commanded the captain.

Jackson instantly reined up. So far as he
knew how, he had learned to obey—the first
lesson of a soldier. The captain was inclined
to be religious, but now he was betrayed by
excitement into the use of naughty language.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he de-
manded fiercely.

"Hunting buffalo, sir."

"Hunting buffalo? D—nation! Who told
you to hunt buffalo? What business have you
on the plains?"

"The sergeant detailed me as a hunter, sir."

"The devil be d—d! Well, the sergeant's a
d—d fool," continued the captain, growing
warmer and worse betrayed. "What can you
do here? Do you ever expect to kill a buffalo?"

he asked, almost with a sneer.

"I've done so, sir, this morning," replied
the soldier, touching his cap.

"What! You've killed a buffalo? Take
care, sir—don't lie to me—take care! The
thing's impossible!"

"Indeed, captain, it's true. I've killed three,
and have a three months' calf tied to the leg
of the last one."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir; and I'd have killed one of those
four just back in the last hollow, if you hadn't
rode up and scared them away!"

The captain was more than astonished—he
was thunderstruck. The stupid, worthless
soldier, suddenly appeared in a new light.
His genius had peeped out—he was develop-
ed.

"Well, well," replied the captain, "go a-
head—go ahead—kill all you can; I'm glad
you can do it; you're fit for something—I've
discovered it by mere accident; but every man,
I suppose, is made for something—go ahead,
you can earn your rations now, for a few days,
at least—you're good for nothing else; but
you're good for buffalo!"

A MORAL PICTURE OF LONDON.—There
are 30,000 common thieves in London;
10,000 children learning crime; 3,000
bunches of stolen goods, and about 10,000
common gamblers.

The "Weekly Despatch," an infidel pa-
per, has a circulation of 150,000 copies a
week in the city.

The population of London, now, is about
2,250,000 souls!

There are 100,000 people in the metropo-
lis alone, unprovided with the means of
religious worship.

There are about 105,000 female servants
in London. Of this number, from 14,000
to 16,000 are daily changing places.

Upwards of 50,000 persons are now in-
mates of the London workhouses; 60,000
are receiving out-door relief, and from
1,000 to 2,000 nightly shelter themselves
in the refuges for the homeless. In addi-
tion to this number, there are thousands
who live by begging, and thousands more
who live by criminal practices.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text this morning is as follows:

There is a voice which haunts me still,

Where'er on earth I be—

In lonely vale, on lofty hill;

And on the distant sea:

I hear it in the silent night,

And at the break of morn,

And aye it crieth—dark or light—

Man was not made to mourn.

My hearers—what do you suppose this
small voice is, that haunts me wherever I
go—excepting it be through some of the
mudholes of misery of Gotham? Why it
is Nature whispering with a calm smile
upon her pliz, that man was not made to
mourn, notwithstanding the Bard of
Ploughshare's sentiments on the subject.
No brethren, man was made to laugh, love,
enjoy himself, and dig potatoes, to the glo-
ry of his Creator. Yet how many lazy,
mildewed mortals there are, who sit down
in the shade of melancholy to mourn over
misfortunes of their own breeding!

There they sit, and sit, looking at all that
is bright and lovely with a yellow, jaundi-
ced vision, determined within themselves
on being forever miserably; and as for
enticing them into the habits of industry
with the promise of a happy compensation
you might as soon think of getting a barrel
of old cider to work by placing a dollar at
the bung hole. Mourn they must—mourn
they will; and this too in a country
like ours! where there is so much elbow
room for ambition—where all a man has
to do is to take courage and a shovel, and
dig his way to wealth and honor; and
where by the aid of faith and a few Irish-
men, such almighty big mountains can be
moved! Oh! it is a sin and a shame that
man should mourn, where there is noth-
ing under the curtain of heaven to prevent
his laughing, singing, dancing, and being
as merry as a cricket in the chimney cor-
ner!

My friends—all nature proclaims that
nothing was made to mourn. The bright
faced sun—the calm silver moon; and the
glittering stars—all sing together of this
grand truth in one unceasing song, and
echoing earth answers to their sweet strains.
If the world were intended for a house of
mourning, every flower would be painted
black—every bird would be a crow or
black bird—every body would be born a
negro—the ocean would be a vast ink pot;
a black veil would be drawn over the face
of heaven—and an everlasting string of
crape hung a round the borders of creation.

When I look abroad and see how bright
and cheerful is the general aspect of things;
how Earth exults in her joyous spring
time; how glorious in the pride of her
summerhood; and how calmly, smilingly
beautiful in her autumnal decay; I am
bound to the conclusion, that nothing upon
God's green cushioned footstool was ever
intended to mourn. It is natural for us
sometimes to indulge in dull, mush and
milky meditation, and to encourage cold
and blood curdling fancies, or listen fear-
fully to the tread of some harbingers of
evil, whose footsteps fall with a rustling
sound among our seared flowers, of hope,
like those of the angel of Death among
the frost faded leaves of November; but I
do assert, from the nether extremity of my
heart, that man was no more made to go
prowling and mourning through the world,
than a Canary bird was created to sing at
a Methodist meeting.

My dear friends, it is "man's inhumani-
ty to man," and man's inhumanity to him-
self, that causes so much mourning. The
dreadful carnage of war causes thousands
to mourn the loss of sires, sons, relatives
and friends, who immolate themselves up-
on their country's altar, but whose valiant
fives are worth more than all the wealth
in the mines of Mexico. Millions groan
under the iron hand of oppression, and as
many more under the incubus of laziness,
who mourn and sigh to think that dollars
don't roll at their feet, and that the sun of
prosperity won't shine in their dark den of
sluggishness. Let war be avoided as far
as possible—palsied to the oppressor's arm
—and fleeced as he is, I say, who is too
lazy to move when he finds a nest of
young mice in his hair, and spiders weav-
ing their webs over his shirt-bosom. I tell
you again, my brethren, you were never
made to stand still and mourn like a
mountain pine in the hollow midnight
wind. You were intended to push ahead
and keep stirring, like a barkeeper; to be
jolly, gay, lively—always in as good spir-
its as a fly in a bottle of old Jamaica; to
laugh at care, snap your fingers at sorrow;
and to whistle when beset by the myriads
of petty ills that so constantly are seeking
to annoy mankind. So mote it be.

WIVES FOR THE WEST.—To supply
the bachelors of the West with wives; to
furnish the spinning maidens of the East
with husbands; to better equalize the pres-
ent disproportion of the sexes in these two
sections of our country, has been one of the
difficulties of the age. This remedy was
simple—it was only for the girls to go
West and get married; but to go expressly
to get married, offended their ideas of deli-
cacy. Miss Beecher, herself a Yankee
girl, has ingeniously got over the whole
difficulty. She is engaging the girls to go
West as school teachers.

20,000 Boxes sold each and every week!!

F. M. HICKS, AGENT FOR JASPER COUNTY.

W. W. DRINKWATER agent for Newton County.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY
desire to call the attention of every one
interested in the health of the great and beau-
tiful West to their views respecting
BILIOUS DISORDERS.

This class of diseases is the Great Scourge
of the western hemisphere. Go where we
may, their sad effects are seen and felt. The
brave and self-denying settler who presses his
way to the west, to make the wilderness bud
and blossom as the rose, meets this dreadful
evil. He is willing to work hard and endure
every privation, thanks be to him. But in a
little while he is seized with some form of bil-
ious disease. His strength now is weakness.
A cloud comes over his prospects, and he ex-
claims, "would that there were some medicine
to prevent this dreadful evil, and to cure it
when it does seize upon its victim!" From
the moment of the landing of the Pilgrims at
Plymouth to the present hour, bilious diseases
have sent sorrow and desolation throughout
the land. Let the graves of the loved and the
lost tell the story!

A momentous question here comes up. Does
the Supreme Ruler intend that the tiling

Sons of the West,
men so willing to bear heat and burden of the
day, should of all others be subject to so sad
calamity? It is not irrelevant to say

NO—NO—NO!

And why do we say, No? Because there
is no class of diseases that can be so certainly
prevented and cured as those we speak of.

This is the great fact to which the Graef-
enberg Company would call the attention of
Governors, Clergymen, Jurists, Lawyers,
Medical Men, Philanthropists of every name
and sex; Husbands, Fathers, Wives and Mo-
thers in the entire West. There is no reason
why Bilious disorders should not be forever
banished from the West. The reader may not
believe this; he may smile at the idea. But
in these days of Great Discoveries, why should
not something be found which will control
and cure diseases which are in their nature
controllable and curable?

It is a well known fact that the true nature
of bilious disorders has been but partially un-
derstood. Here has been the great secret of
the utter failure of nearly all the medical men
and medicine venders of the day. To

Break the Chill!

seems to have been and to be their great aim
in fever and ague; and to purge, diuretic, bleed
and mercurofize in all the other forms of bil-
ious fever. What have been the consequenc-
es? They are too well known to need relat-
ing. Tens of thousands have died, multitudes
have had their blood poisoned by mercury;
scarcely any have been permanently cured.

The true theory is

Prevention!

and in cases where it is in the system, to erad-
icate it thoroughly.

All these ends are surely attained by the ce-
lebrated **GRAEFENBERG PILLS**. Let
them be fairly tried throughout the great west,
and the Bilious Taint which clings to the sys-
tem will be thoroughly eradicated. Health
will be speedily restored; the sallow comple-
xion will be made fresh and fair; health and
pleasurable sensations will return, and the next
season will not find the grave yawning for the
victims of the diseases referred to. We ven-
ture to say, that if these vegetable pills were
supplied to every family in the United States
at the expense of the General Government, it
would be the most economical and merciful
expenditure ever made. Why? Because
from every family all Bilious tendencies
would be banished! The west would no longer
be created; there would be no more SICK-
LY SEASONS! The inhabitants there
would be as free from disease as those of the
healthiest portions of New England.

Unlike all other anti-bilious medicines,
the Graefenberg Pills utterly prevent the for-
mation of diseases within the system. Those
who use them according to directions cannot
be Bilious. With these remarks, the Graef-
enberg Company invite a still more extended
trial of their pills.

1st. Let neighborhoods club together, and

get a supply, and distribute to every family.

2d. Let clergymen recommend and distri-
bute them.

3rd. Let landlords furnish them to the set-
tlers on their lands.

4th. Let emigrant societies and other philan-
thropic bodies, furnish them to the needy.

In short, there is no earthly reason why the
west should not be perfectly healthy; that on
its beautiful prairies and beside its noble streams,
strong and vigorous health should not be en-
joyed.

In the following diseases, these Pills also
achieve equally wonderful triumphs:
Anemia, Bilious complaints, Boils, Bowels,
deficient action; Breast Pang; Catarrh;
Constipation; Cough of Pregnancy;
Diarrhea; Difficult Breathing; Dys-
pepsia; Dysenteric Complaints; Dys-
gestion; imperfect, Determination of blood
to the head; Ear Ache; Erysipelas; Ep-
-spsy; Fever, low, nervous, in-